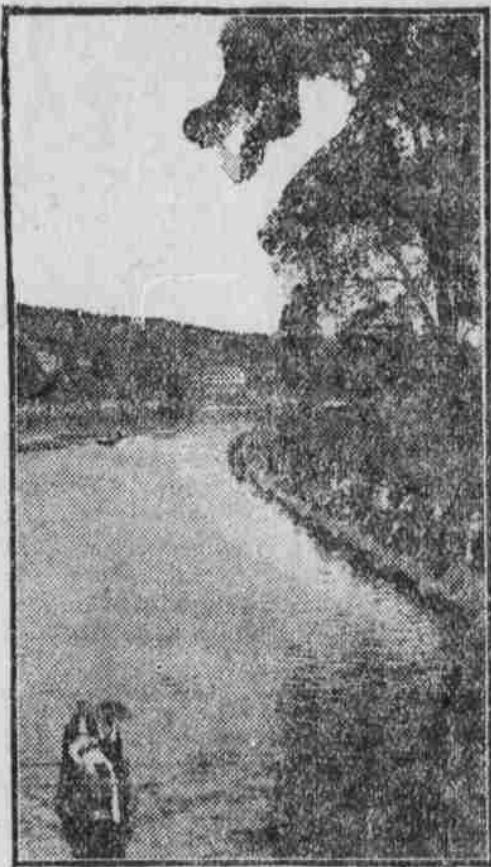


Oxford's Gala Week

(Special Correspondence.)

Oxford, England, is never more interesting to the stranger within its gates than during eights' week, when the crews from the various colleges struggle for supremacy on the river. The weather is usually all that can be desired, the window gardens are filled with flowers, and the quaint old quadrangles are thronged with visitors. The unique loveliness of the place is never more apparent. The venerable trees, the picturesque streets, the walls smothered in ivy, and the presence of the great names that cluster around the university lay a spell upon the imagination.

At no place else in England can the eye gaze upon such a picturesque profusion of towers and spires and slender shaftings. There is ivy everywhere and the plash of Gothic fountains, and, above all else, rich traditions. One of the prettiest "bits" of Oxford, especially during eights' week, is the garden of Oriel college. It is a haunt of privacy and poetic solitude.



On the River.

The front of the building is falling to decay, but snapdragon winds about it brilliantly.

The river during eights' week is always filled with boats. There is danger of your punt striking the ones before, which sharpens your zest and adds greatly to the discomfiture of the fat gentleman in front, whose mysterious whiskers fairly bristle with disapproval. Here you see the Oxford man at his best and envy him the opportunity of spending four years in such surroundings. Here you meet the strong-limbed young Briton, the latest scion of a mighty stock, bearing his ruddy health with the magnificent ease of youth. When you think of the cluster of towers and turrets and spires you cannot help contrasting it with the austere barrenness of certain college buildings you know of in the new world.

First Day of Eights' Week.

The first day of eights' week, which may be considered typical of all, was as beautiful as arching blue skies could make it. A breeze flung out the flags above the houseboats and rippled the river with silvery spray. The stream overflowed with punts which left ribbons of foam in their wake. The sunlight threw big splashes of color on their sides, and brought out the tones of the ladies' parasols, and did all sorts of fantastic things with laces and muslins and pretty faces. The gowns are, perhaps, the most striking effect of "eights' week." To the masculine eye there was nothing individual about them. They fell into an indistinguishable mass of whites and pinks and blues, now one color dominating and now another, like the advancing and retreating lines of the

ballet when the man in the wings throws the different lights upon them.

The course over which the races are rowed is a trifle less than a mile in length. In the upper half of the river little shells thrust their needlelike points through the crush of larger craft, and the houseboats line the craft on either side, so that a lane of water is left open for the racing shells.

For a long time before the race the river was blackened with scores of canoes and punts that hurried from bank to bank or passed from one houseboat to another. The crowd grew restless and looked at itself for the twentieth time and noted the twinkle that the points of the sunlight brought to the water and the long enfolding lines of the buildings.

To an American it seemed strange that there were no college yells. He missed the pushing and sliding of young collegians with tin horns and with megaphones mournfully asking what's the matter with such a one, or who's all right, or repeating the raucous measures of the college cheer. These were strangely absent. The whole affair was so decorously conducted as the installation of the vice-president in our senate chamber.

Runners With the Boats.

A strange silence settled over the throng. Suddenly the report of a pistol echoes in the still air, and the eager uncertainty of the crowd breaks out into suppressed exclamations. Again the pistol shot stirs the echoes, and then the silence deepens. Out on the college meadows the doves are cutting circles against the sky, and from one of the towers the half-hour strikes lazily.

Then you hear a dull sound, at first scarcely distinguishable, but growing in volume until it breaks into a hollow roar. It is the clangorous, uneven yelling of the "men who run with the boats." They are the undergraduates from the different colleges, and each contingent tries to keep abreast of the crew. The cry they give has not the measured cadence of a college yell. It is as ragged and sputtering as a guerrilla fire. The sharp, angry unmeasured chorus rises in bulk until the men along the tow-path break into view. Parallel with them on the river you see the slender shells spurt into view, trailing white wakes of foam.

The long, snake-like shells sweep into view, the oars tossing up little geysers of water, and as they rise, dripping in the waning light, you can

as the sharp nose of the boat cleaves the water.

Little Excitement.

On the whole the race is characterized by admirable discretion. Aside from the noisy band that ran with the boats the only case of excitement that refused to be suppressed was that of an old man whose son was a member of the victorious crew. He rushed up to a lady in his party and catching her by the hands, danced as if he were mad. Her bonnet was crushed and the flowers tumbled off her bosom. But she only smiled and waved the remnants of her headgear, and danced furiously, giving herself quite over to the spirit of the occasion.

The sister of the coxswain who guided the winning boat to victory stood on the roof of one of the barges, looking very tall and stately. As soon as he saw her he dashed up the stone coping and over the painted railings. Then he kissed her twice, while she blushed slightly and looked out over the meadows, too proud to let those around her see how much she cared for the victory. The ladies gathered around and smiled encouragement at him, and back of them the college servants stood in unimpeachable grimness.

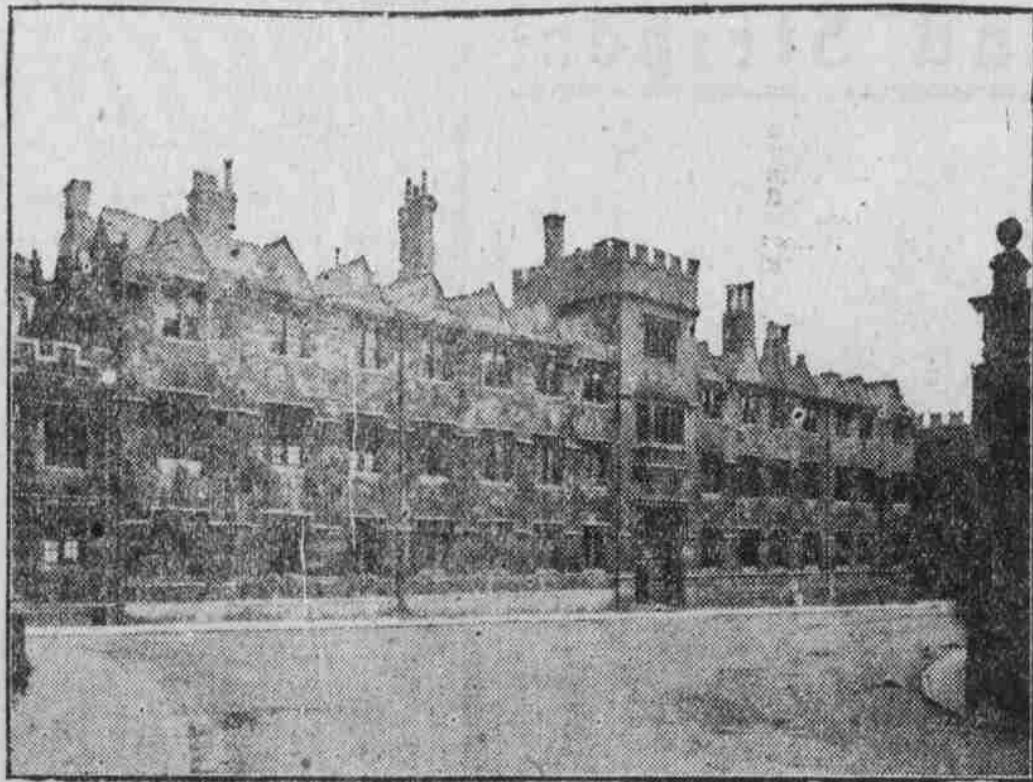
The whole scene was very English, about as far removed from the boisterous excitement of an American regatta as could be imagined. It was an instance of British conservatism, yet it was picturesque.

At night a garden party was given in honor of the victorious crew. The garden was prettily situated among the hills. Colored lanterns winked out of the trees, and quaint old punch bowls, flickering redly in the light, were set out on little tables.

As the evening advanced, some one proposed that we drink the health of the victors, so we formed into a great circle that bent among the trees, and lifting our glasses we plighted our good will. Then, in honor of the Americans who were present, I suppose, the orchestra struck into that mad, glad, bad refrain, "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night." The circle unwound itself and paired off into couples and marched away among the trees, shouting that tumultuous, madcap, buoyant song as if the Anglo-Saxon alliance depended upon its vociferous rendition.

Vast Conceit of the Rooster.

Were it not for the disgusting self-conceit of the roosters we might enjoy the poultry show next week. The rooster is near to nature's heart. He has not civilization enough to veneer his opinions with common politeness and savior faire and his disgusting exhibition of the art of being it offends good taste and refinement. How the hen manages to put up with it is certainly one of the mysteries of



Oriel College.

see the broad backs bend, and the arms, knotted and corded, moving easily and rhythmically. The coxswains are appealing to the men, and the men reply by savagely burying their oars only to flash them again

the coop. If six or eight hens would join a hens' club modeled after Sorosis and throw the rooster down good and hard once or twice he would soon discover that he was not the only kernel on the cob.—Minneapolis Journal.

Mayor Gibson Loses Memory.

A Santa Fe dispatch of January 31st says: A. R. Gibson, mayor of Santa Fe, was picked up at El Paso, Texas, yesterday, suffering from loss of memory. He was unable to recall his name or any circumstances connected with his own life. Brother Elks took him in charge and found sufficient identification papers on his person to locate him as the mayor of Santa Fe. He was brought back to-night in a demented condition.

Gibson came to Santa Fe about six years ago and has been prominent in local business circles since his arrival. He was president of the Consolidated Copper Company, the failure of which he took greatly to heart. He became mayor of Santa Fe last April, being elected on the Democratic ticket. He is proprietor of Sunmount, the tent city for consumptives.

Saw the President.

A Santa Fe dispatch of February 2d says: Superintendent Crandall of the United States Indian Industrial School in this city and Samuel Eldodt of Chamita, accompanied by the delegation from the different pueblos, who have been in Washington for the past three weeks, returned to Santa Fe last night. The mission of the Indians was successful, as they are to be exempt from taxation, something they have been striving for many years. Besides accomplishing the purpose of their trip to the national capital the Indians had a royal time. They created much interest in Washington by their native dress and quaint manners.

Mr. Eldodt acted as interpreter for them and the Indians were taken to the White House for a talk with the President. They thought the Great Father a wonderful man and could not get over talking about him.

Council Gets to Work

The Territorial Council February 1st passed the following bills and resolutions:

An act changing the county seat of Torrance county from Progreso to Estancia; a memorial protesting against the creation of the proposed Rio de Jemez forest reserve taking in parts of Rio Arriba and Taos counties; an act to exempt irrigation associations or water users' associations from incorporation fees; an act fixing the time for holding court in the First judicial district; an act to repeal the section giving county superintendents \$5 a day for visiting schools in the county where they are elected; an act reducing the bond of the territorial auditor to \$25,000.

The President on February 2d sent to the Senate the nomination of W. H. H. Llewellyn as United States attorney for the district of New Mexico.

Councilman Martin has introduced a bill providing for a bond issue of \$50,000 for the relief of thirteen counties last year and providing, also, means to build dykes at Albuquerque, Socorro, San Marcial and Hillsboro.

The House passed the Torrance county bill, giving that county a tier of townships from Lincoln, Socorro and Valencia counties and changing the county seat from Progreso to Estancia. The bill now goes to Governor Otero, who will sign it.

Governor Otero has appointed A. P. Tarkington, lieutenant of the militia company at Las Vegas, adjutant general of the territory, to succeed Gen. W. H. Whiteman. Tarkington is a brother of Congressman Booth Tarkington, the novelist, of Indiana.

The Territorial Council, February 2d, passed a bill providing a severe penalty for the sale of liquor to minors and also a bill to prohibit cattle roping contests. The House adopted the Council memorial to the President of the United States protesting against the creation of the Jemez forest reserve.

Harvey F. M. Bear died at Roswell January 28th, of paralysis. Mr. Bear came to Roswell in 1902 from Wellington, Kansas, and established the Roswell Daily Record, the only Democratic daily in New Mexico. He was a Democrat and one of the best known citizens of southwestern New Mexico. Mr. Bear is survived by a widow and two children, his father and mother, and a sister, Mrs. C. F. Mason, all of Roswell. C. E. Mason, brother-in-law of the deceased, is the editor of the Roswell Register.